witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto,* Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle,*
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horſe, you rogues, Giue me my Horſe, and be hangd.

Prince. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* helpe mee to my Horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Haire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prin. What! a coward Sir *Iohn Paunch?*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gant* our Grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poyns. Sirra *Iacke,* thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, wh thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him farewell, & ſta

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd. (fa

Prince. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poynes. Here hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay, euc man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes dow the hil, weele walke a foote a while, and eaſe our leggs.

Theeues. Stay. *Tra.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates horeſon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee f chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on bacons, on, what y knaues? young men muſt liue, you are grand Iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it woul be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good ie for euer.

Poyns. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the Theeues againe.

Falſ. Come my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe be fore day: and the *Prince* & *Poyns* be not two arrant cowardes there's no equity ſtirring, there's no more valour in that *Poynes* than in a wild Duck.

Prince